

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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How Cable Messages are Received.

Until the first of November the French cable, having its terminus at North Eastham, Mass., employed the flash system of signaling. Now the cable is worked duplex on the Sarnia system, using an automatic recorder, by which the messages are received in ink on a narrow strip of paper.

By the system which has been displaced the messages were spelled out by flashing a ray of light back and forth across a standard line, the right and left flashes corresponding with the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraphic alphabet. In this system the light is flashed by reflection from an extremely light mirror, which is turned to right and left by the opposing influences of positive and negative impulses. This system has the advantage of being operated with slight electric impulse, but also the disadvantage of leaving no permanent record. To secure the latter very important end the recording instrument has been adopted.

A recent visitor to Heart's Content describes as follows the method of receiving messages at that point. The recorder is a horseshoe magnet, electrified by the usual circles of fine wire, and attracting a small metallic coil. The coil, hanging between the magnet's poles, and by a light lever and a thread almost as fine as the strand of a cobweb is connected with a delicate siphon hung in a little reservoir of ink. The ink is electrified, so as to produce a repulsion of the particles, making it draw more readily through the siphon, which outside is about the size of a drawing needle, and the inferior tube scarcely larger than a hair. The lower end of the siphon rests against a paper tape playing perpendicularly through rollers. The whole machine is almost of gossamer fineness and flexibility, so as to minimize the electric strain necessary for working the cable.

Let us imagine now that a coming message has been signaled from far across the ocean at Valentia. The operator at first opens the simple machinery that works the brass rollers. On the centre of the tape, as it passes between the rollers, the siphon at first marks only a straight line. Suddenly the line swerves to the right or left. The message has started, and the end of the siphon has begun its record. Worked by two keys, and positively or negatively electrified, the coil swings the siphon point now to one side, now to the other, along the tape. Responsive to the trained hand of the operator, the filament of ink marks out one notch, two notches, three notches; then suddenly it may be a high elevation or depression, until the delicate line traced on the tape looks like the tiny outline of a mountain range.

But it is a range whose very hilltop, peak and valley means an alphabetical symbol to the telegrapher's eye. The recorder is the invention of the famous electrician Sir William Thomson. How delicate an interpreter it is may be inferred from the fact that ten jars work 1,800 miles of cable between Valentia and Heart's Content, while twenty-five jars of the same electric power would be needed to work 350 miles of land wire; in other words, the recorder is more than twelve times as efficient for its purpose as the ordinary Morse instrument. The recorder traces its character on the tape about as fast as a slow penman copies a letter. Besides its delicacy of work, the recorder, as its name imports, has the merit of leaving the record of the message.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—Let the people remember that the Federal government is collecting more money than it can honestly and economically spend; that in the surplus lies temptation to extravagance and jobbery; that every act of misgovernment of the republican party, from the Grant Ring steals to the Star-Route frauds, can be traced to it; that until it is rooted out of our political system there will be no end to such evils; that the democratic party stands pledged, with vows it has never yet broken, to reform and economy, and a reduction of the revenues, and that its great victory of last fall was won upon such principles.—[Wilmington Reunion.]

One of Gov. Knott's Stories.

In the genial company of the story-tellers of Kentucky who haunt Mr. Knott's rooms, I have heard many dramatic recitals. Possibly nothing more dramatic than the midnight adventure of a Kentucky major at a wedding where he was as a young man, "full of blood and fire."

In his day a Kentucky wedding was the occasion of the most lavish hospitality. The house of the particular wedding described by the major was packed with guests. They all were jolly and happy. The evening was one round of gaiety. At midnight when he came to go to bed the head of the major was racked and heavy from numerous potations. He just remembered he was to sleep in a room at the end of the hall, on the third story. His bed-fellow was to be the groom's best man. When he reached the end of the hall he could not remember whether it was the right or left bed room. He hesitated a moment, and then clanced on the left.

Evidently he had made no mistake. The room was unoccupied. He undressed rapidly, tossing his clothes in every direction. In a moment he was in bed, the light out, and a second later sound asleep.

Suddenly he was waked by a fist in his back, and then a feminine voice said: "Wake up, Nelly, I want to talk before I go to sleep."

Then the Major did wake, and trembled with horror. He remembered now that the two belles of the county, the handsomest women in Kentucky, had the room opposite him. He had gotten into the wrong room and bed. The last comer had come up, had addressed in the dark, and had stolen in by the side of what she thought was her companion.

The major fairly shivered with fright. At any moment the real companion might come, and then he knew what would follow. The girls had several uncles, cousins and brothers in the house. They all shot very well. A scene would merely result in his being ridiculed first and allowed to explain afterward.

After one second, an eternity of thought, the major resolved on a bold course. He jumped from the bed as if he were in the company of a snake. Then he said, in a low tone of voice: "Miss, for God's sake don't scream. There is a horrible mistake here. Don't scream. I am going to get my clothes and get out. For God's sake don't scream!"

Not hearing a word in reply, the major began to hunt for his clothes. He did not dare strike a light. He was in the very short night garments of the period, and it could not be too dark for him. He hunted his clothes with great difficulty, dreading each moment to see the door open and the other young lady walk in. Finally he huddled all his clothes together, all but one stocking, when a voice from the bed said: "Hurry up, sir!" At this he bolted to the door. Luck was on his side. No one was in the hall. He made a dash across and arrived in his own room, where his friend hadn't yet arrived.

Hardly had he closed the door when he heard a rush of flying feet down the hall and the rustle of skirts as the room opposite was entered by belle No. 2.

It was a lucky escape. The stocking was afterward discovered, but as no owner could be found for it, no scandal was created.

To hear the hero of this story relate it, with all the dash and style of a true Kentucky story-teller, would give an outside individual a good idea of the powers of entertainment of the Kentucky people who followed Mr. Knott, crowded his rooms and swarmed by him in all the acts of his political career.

About the greatest curse the industrious sheep-raiser has to contend with is the sheep-killing cur. He is worse than the rot, or pneumonia, or fever, or black-tongue. He is a danger continually hanging over the flock. No stress of weather, no force of circumstances, no combination of events, nothing short of a shot-gun policy, or a liberal poison programme, can debar him from his favorite meal of mutton. He is a nuisance, a torment and serious drawback to a most useful and profitable industry. He should be shot on sight, and poisoned on suspicion. He demands legislation, prompt effective, and deadly legislation. A bounty should be put on his scalp, and a premium on his hide. He is of no earthly account, and gets as high as he can possibly climb in the scale of usefulness when he affords the buzzards a square meal.—[Glasgow Times.]

The Latest Fashion in Coffins.

An enterprising Chicago man has invented a "marble burial casket," which has had considerable sale in the West and New York.

It is made of Portland and Keene cement, and is imperishable and indestructible. Surviving friends of the dead have a natural and commendable desire to preserve the bodies of their loved ones from decay as long as possible. Wooden coffins decay very speedily, and those made of iron rust and crumble away in a very short time when subjected to the chemicals of the earth. In the earlier ages stone graves hewn out of solid rock were the favorite receptacles for the dead, not only because they resisted the agencies mentioned, but also because they preserved the dead from the hands of the resurrectionists. Such a thing as a solid marble or stone grave is out of the question now, however, except among millionaires, but the new burial casket meets all of the ends served by the old stone grave. It is in striking contrast with the dilapidated cloth, wooden and iron caskets, and will supersede the necessity of vaults. Each one of the caskets is a hermetically sealed catacomb in itself. They are lighter than iron, and the strongest caskets ever made. The interior is perforated zinc set on a wrought-iron skeleton frame. Both the frame and the zinc are embedded in the walls of the casket. The cement grows harder with age.

"One point, and a very strong one, in favor of this casket is that when it is closed it becomes a perfect whole. The cover is joined to the casket with the same cement with which the casket is made, and hence it is hermetically sealed without joint or crack. It is a complete, solid marble case. Another great advantage of our caskets over those of wood or iron is the fact that burial ceremonies can be held with perfect safety over the bodies of persons who have died of contagious diseases. There is not the slightest danger of contagion."

"A first-class marble casket does not cost any more than the best mule of iron or wood. The upholstery and the outside trimmings are all of the best quality, and, in fact, precisely the same as those used in ordinary coffins."

Who is Your Mammy?

A Cincinnati hunksteerer approached an Illinois cattle dealer the other day and said: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Black? When did you get here?" The cattle dealer said to the young man: "I guess you are mistaken. My name isn't Black, but Joe Brown, and I'm from Florida, Ill."

"O," said the young man, "you must excuse me. I thought you were an old friend of mine by the name of Black, at Indianapolis." "No harm done mister," said the cattle man. A couple of blocks and nice young man number two came up all smiles held out his hand and shaking hands, said: "Why, I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Brown. When did you leave Florida, and how is father?" Said Brown, "I'll be gosh darned if I can tell you how your pap is, for I don't know him."

"Don't know my father in Florida," said the young man, "why he's President of the national bank there; you must certainly know John Thompson." "Oh, ho, so John Thompson, President of the First National Bank at Florida, is your pap?" "Yes," said the nice young man, all smiles. "Well then, if John Thompson is your pap, who is your mammy, for old John Thompson was never married." The young man suddenly left.

When a citizen of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., wishes to send a letter to a friend in the opposite village on the Canadian side of the river, he directs it, prepaying the postage, and puts it in the post office on the American side; then in order to reach the post office on the Canadian side, which is about one mile distant, the letter goes to Detroit through the United States mails, and is sent over Canadian routes back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in about ten days from the time it started—ten days to go one mile. But when one is in a hurry he goes across the river himself and talks to the other fellow; he doesn't write.

A calf in Woodford county swallowed a ball of reaper's twine. The owner of the animal got hold of the end of the twine, and pulled out 674 feet of it, and when our informant left, the calf was still emitting string!

[Post.]  
Catarrh is the seed of consumption, and unless taken in time is a very dangerous disease. Hall's Catarrh Cure never fails to cure. Price 75c. Sold by Penny & McAllister.

Treatment of Consumption.

Dr. Felix Oswald says that consumption is more easily cured than any other chronic disease. The population living at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level have been shown to be quite free from consumption. What the doctor calls "indigestion of respiration" is bred by humid climates and stagnant air. He believes in the theory of the German Dr. Koch, that parasites are a phase of the disease, but maintains that their appearance does not amount to a death sentence. "Cease to feed the lungs with azotic gases," he says, "and Dr. Koch's animalcules will starve and disappear." He claims that all but the last stages of consumption can be subdued by outdoor exercise. He recommends the night air superstition, and recommends mountain excursions, even to the extent of a three months' tour under the disadvantages of insufficient clothing and protracted fasts, as certain to effect a cure in a majority of cases. He points out malnutrition of the lungs as one of the causes of consumption and suggests fatty substances and sweet cream as the best lung food. A vocal effort, he says, doesn't injure the respiratory organs; on the contrary, it strengthens them, and he thinks that consumptives should envy cattle drivers, "whose business gives them a plausible pretext for yelling." Too many clothes he considers harmful, whereby the perspiration is forced back upon the body and the lungs have to do double work.

Baby Kissing.

If there is any object on top of God's green earth utterly unmissable and generally repugnant to a man of healthy sentiment, it is somebody else's baby. Indecisive men have been known to yield to the solicitations of fond mothers and actually submit to the indignity of having a new baby thrust under their nostrils, but these men have always repented and usually gone on spurs just to reassert their independence and recover their self-respect. Men who would walk up to a bombshell and spit on the sputtering fuse will quail and cower in abject terror before the muzzle of a baby, even when assured that it is not loaded. Some men don't mind having babies pointed at them, but these are the sort of men who blow down gun barrels and monkey with huzz saws and do almost any foolish thing. It is a well known fact that a man who will knowingly kiss a baby is generally addicted to chenille and worsted work and gossip, and there is a well grounded suspicion that he will steal sheep. This baby kissing tends to make hypercrites of good natured men, and there ought to be a crusade against the pernicious practice indulged in by the perpetrators of babies and frequently abetted by the proud instigators of these inchoate, howling contrivances, of recklessly pointing them at folks.—[Hancock Courier.]

Railways.

Existing railways cost \$16,000,000,000 and would reach eight times around the globe. The first steam railway was opened between Darlington and Stockton, September 27th, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool on September 15th, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railway, there was 1 passenger in every 350,000 killed and one out of every 30,000 wounded; whereas between 1835 and 1873 there was but one in 5,178,890 killed and 1 in 580,450 wounded, so that we may infer that accidents are yearly diminishing. Railway traveling in England is attended with greater risk than any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continually in a railway carriage and spend all his time in traveling, the chance of his dying from a railway accident would not occur until he was 960 years old.

In 1720 the first Catholic church was built in Philadelphia. There are now in that city a magnificent cathedral, besides 44 churches, 53 chapels, two colleges, 12 convents, 22 academies, 36 parochial schools and 24 hospitals and asylums. In the whole archdiocese there are 253 priests and a Catholic population of 300,000.

The Wisconsin man of eighty who married a girl of seventeen a year ago has been heard from again. He is suing for a divorce. He says that his wife has pulled his hair, thrown soap on him, jabbed him with a screw-driver and choked him.

The green stamp might have served to keep the memory of the father of his country the same color, but the new two-cent stamp bearing his vignette is to be red.—[Chicago Times.]

The World, The Flesh and The Devil.

A very thin woman had felt the power of the spirit and been converted and she appeared before the session to pass the preliminary examination.

"Have you experienced a change of heart?" asked the elder, gently.  
"Yes, sir, I believe I have."  
"And you want to live a new life?"  
"Yes, sir, I hope I do."  
"Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?"  
"Sir?"  
"Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?"  
"Do I have to do that?"  
"Certainly, if you would be a consistent Christian."

"Can't I give up two of them and still go into the church?"  
"No, the renunciation must be complete."  
"Well, then you must excuse me. I want to be a Christian. I want to give up the world and the devil, but if a woman as thin already as I am, has to give up any more flesh, she might as well give up wanting to be a Christian and go and join a side show as the great American only living skeleton. Gentlemen you will have to excuse me. I want to join the church, but I'm not prepared to join a side show this summer.—[The Drummer.]

The Republican Party Must Go.

We believe the Star route verdict will leave a profound and lasting impression on the public mind. It ought to. The men declared "not guilty" are of no consequence; but the result of this trial will justify by all thoughtful citizens as proof that it is high time to make a change; that the "party of great moral ideas" is no longer entitled to their confidence and cannot be safely trusted with the people's money. The verdict is, to be sure, but one of many evidences to the same effect. The liver and Harbor jobs, the Robeson Navy jobs, the impudent refusal to make adequate reductions of taxation, the corrupt determination to compel useless and surplus taxes out of the people's pockets, the pension swindle, the unblushing alliance with all sorts of monopolies—all these prove that the republican party has outlived not merely its usefulness, but its moral sense. But it probably needed this result of the Star route trials to break the back of the public's patience.

The Presidential campaign of 1884 will be a battle between the people and the friends of monopoly and jobbery.—[N. Y. Herald.]

MANUFACTURE OF RUBBER SHOES.

—The Shoe and Leather Reporter says that there are sixteen rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, nine of which turn out from 1,000 to 5,000 pairs daily and seven of them from 8,000 to 20,000 pairs, aggregating about 90,000 a day, or 27,000,000 pairs a year. A great deal of attention is bestowed on the style and finish of rubber shoes. Some of the specialties made by leading manufacturers are as handsome as any that are made of cloth or leather. The sales have been largely increased by these improvements. On the other hand the rubber shoe people aim to put into their stock the utmost amount of dirt that is possible; for the more dirt the less cost to them.

Toney Weller, father of the lively Samivel, was innocently relating a story of his life as a stage driver. On one occasion he was to carry a stage-load of voters, when a member of the opposition offered Mr. Weller £10 if by accident the stage should turn over at a certain bad place in the road. "An' would you believe it, sir, by a very strange and remarkable coincidence that ar' stage turned over at that ar' very point."

A LARVÆ ELEPHANT THAN JUMBO.—There has just arrived at Liverpool, consigned to a local naturalist, an elephant which is perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, for, though not quite so high as Jumbo, it is more bulky, weighing nearly five tons. Its trunk at the thickest part has a circumference of three and a half feet.—[London Times.]

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denting's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of the great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, M. D., Vermont, and get a sample box free of charge.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectant for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, M. D., Vermont.

There is nothing more certain than the use of Brown's Expectant for a severe cough, which will ultimately lead to Consumption or Chronic Bronchitis, if not cured. It takes away the cough in a few days and a few days will convince you of its merit. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, M. D., Vermont.

## WALL PAPER!

TRIMMED AND READY TO PUT ON,  
—AT—  
**M'ROBERTS & STAGG'S**  
Druggists and Booksellers,  
Opera House Block, - - - - - Stanford, Ky

## H. C. RUPLEY,

MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky,

## Groceries, Provisions, &c.,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

## H. C. BRIGHT,=

St. Asaph Block,  
STANFORD, - - - - - KY.,

Desires to call attention to the Large and Comprehensive Block of  
Groceries, Provisions, Confectioneries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.  
Which he keeps always on hand. Makes a specialty of Handling Goods at Wholesale on Small Profits.  
Goods delivered within town limits free of charge.

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STABLE!  
AND HARNESS SHOP.

Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

## 100,000 POUNDS WOOL

Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

## COAL!

And can supply it in any quantity.

A. T. NUNNELLEY, Stanford, Ky.

## A. OWSLEY & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

## Hardware and Groceries, Glassware, Queensware,

## Wooden and Willowware, Stoves, Grates and Tinware,

## Full line of Pocket and Table Cutlery, Patent and Family Flour, Hames, Traces,

## Salt, Lime, Cement, Field Seeds, Plows and Farming Implements. Call and see the genuine Hamilton Plow.

## OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

## HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

## W. H. HIGGINS'

—FOR—

## Shelf Hardware, Iron, Spokes, Horse Shoe Nails, Buggy Shafts,

## Farming Implements,

Such as Oliver Plows, Melroe and Avery Double Shovel, and the Brinkley Turning and Single and Double Shovel and one-horse Harrow combined. No farmer should be without it.

## Straw Cutters, Improved Hocking Valley Corn Shellers,

## Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn Planters,

## And the Best Pump in The Market, the Mayfield Elevator.

## The unrivaled Jewel Range Cook Stoves, Stove Stoves, Tinware, Bird Cages, Barbed and Annealed Wire,

## Lime, Salt, Cement, Plaster Paris, &c. A general stock of Groceries, Wooden, China and Glassware.



The Bar Association which met in Louisville, last week, seemed to think of something else besides eating and drinking, though that formed a considerable part of the programme. The questions discussed were those of an important character and it is hoped that their agitation may lead to the much needed changes demanded. Judge Barr read a paper advocating certain improvements in our jury system, on which, by the way, this paper has repeatedly expressed itself. In the first place he thinks that the Sheriff should not be allowed to summon jurors from the bystanders, as this allows the use of professionals, who hang around Court-houses for the purpose of turning a penny by hanging a jury. Neither does he think that jurors should be selected for a penitentiary trial as this gives an opportunity to pack a jury. At present the State has but five peremptory challenges, while an accused has twenty. This leaves the State almost at the mercy of the defense and is the real cause of the many worthless and incompetent juries being foisted on the country. He believes like all honest thinking men that an equal number of challenges should be the law. The word "vicinage" ought to be left out of the jury provisions in the bill of rights and "a speedy trial by an impartial jury," alone be assured. As it at present stands the jury system is an impediment to the enforcement of the laws and there is a constantly increasing dissatisfaction with it. Our next legislature should do all in its power to remedy the existing evils of the system and change the law so that a majority of a jury shall bring in a verdict. The absurd law which makes one bull-headed man count more than eleven more competent ones, is a relic of the past that ought to be buried with it.

VALENTINE'S recumbent statue of Gen. R. E. Lee was unveiled last Friday at Lexington, Va., where his remains lie buried, and over 6,000 persons were present. Father Ryan read his original poem entitled "The Sword of Lee," and Gen. Jubal A. Early introduced Maj. John W. Daniel who delivered an oration which for eloquence and finished diction has not been excelled since the days of Patrick Henry. Maj. Daniel will be remembered by all who attended the Cincinnati Convention for his matchless speech in according the nomination of General Hancock. He was the democratic candidate for Governor in Virginia at the late election and would have been chosen but for the degeneration of the voters of that formerly grand old Commonwealth.

The trade dollar nuisance must go. An agreement has been made in New York by merchants, bankers, laborers and others to refuse them except at the current rate of discount, and in Philadelphia there is a like arrangement. The government will not receive them for dues and will only buy them at the price of silver, now about 85 cents. It is a shame that a government so able to do so does not protect her currency, but the next Congress will be forced to do something with the trade dollar else it will be "tabooed" altogether.

The President, at the earnest solicitation of many republicans and not a few democrats, has decided to retain Gen. Fennell as collector of the Covington district and let Col. Swope remain at Lexington, right under the nose of Col. Goodhue, who has been rash enough to speak of him as both "hypocritical and treacherous" and in no sense fit to fill the position he occupies. If Col. Swope is the man we take him to be he will avenge this uncalled for insult even if he has to resort to the corrective influences of the cow-hide.

On a wager of \$2 that he dare not do it, Charles Barnes, who must be a low flung idiot, rode through the streets of Sheppardsville, without a stitch of clothing on his person. He was arrested and tried for a breach of the peace and very justly fined \$100 and ordered to jail for 25 days. As disgraceful as was such an offense, there were fools enough in Sheppardsville to sign a petition asking for the pardon of Barnes, but Governor Blackburn acted sensibly for once and refused to grant it.

On the seven tidal wave States last fall, which gave an aggregate democratic plurality of 283,058, Ohio, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts held important elections this year. In making up the large democratic plurality foregoing, New York and Pennsylvania contributed 192,854 and 40,202 respectively, and in those States, republicans in crowds repudiated the regular party candidates.

We take it all back. The Virginia editors, Beirne and Klam, meant business in their duel and succeeded after many difficulties and failures in effecting a meeting near Waynesboro, Va., where they stood up like warriors and fired 32 calibre balls at each other, with only eight paces intervening. At the first shot a simultaneous report of the pistols rent the air and Beirne's sack coat was wounded in the tail. Goaled by this fresh indignity he leaped a second shot and steadying his nerves, he pulled trigger and Klam fell to the earth, severely wounded in the thigh. Being unable to stand and try it again, the wounded honors of the two belligerents were declared healed and Beirne was driven rapidly from the field. Klam was taken charge of by his surgeon and conveyed in a carriage to Lt. Gov. Lewis, where he lies in a suffering condition. His death would probably not affect the material interests of the State, if indeed, it did not prove an advantage. He is the birded tool of Mahone and is as pliant and yielding to the base repudiator as clay in the hands of the potter. Beirne, on the other hand, has labored very hard to promote the welfare of his State and keep her in her former proud position, and is a high-toned gentleman. It is a pity that he engaged in such a business, though if men must fight, the code is preferable to the prevailing stile in Kentucky and elsewhere of "getting the drop" on a man and killing him almost in cold blood.

A NEW YORK fiend, unfortunately the father of a pretty girl, compelled her to have her beautiful teeth, of which she was justly proud, extracted because she received visits from a gentleman against his wishes. Girls should endeavor to obey their parents, but a beast who could be guilty of such an act as the above should be roasted to death by a slow fire.

**NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.**  
—One hundred and thirteen deaths from cholera occurred at Danietta, Egypt, in twenty-four hours.  
—Ed Whittick attempted to kill Prof. Geo. A. Yates, Covington, Friday, because he had whipped him when a boy.  
—There were one hundred and nine deaths from cholera at Danietta on Saturday. It is spreading along the Nile.  
—Some fine Poland China hogs were sold not long since in Ohio at \$350 and \$400 each, and a six months' bear pig at \$350.  
—Out of 500 men examined but three jurors have been gotten in the Polk trial for stealing \$100,000 from the State of Tennessee.  
—One of the premium locomotives at the Chicago Exposition has made seventy-five miles an hour on the Philadelphia and Reading road.  
—The saloon keepers in Cincinnati are coming to time. To date the amount of tax paid under the Scott law is \$338,000 and the sum will reach over \$500,000.  
—Mrs. Pope, a resident of Milan, Tenn., was stung on the nose by a bee and died from the effects of the sting in a few minutes. She was apparently in good health at last Friday.

—Last Friday at the examining trial of Ollie and Preston Brown for the killing of officer Geo. Freeman of Versailles, they were remanded to jail without bail until the October term of the Circuit Court.  
—The estimated decrease of the public debt for June is \$17,500,000. This would make the total reduction of the debt for the fiscal year ended Saturday about \$137,225,000.  
—President Arthur is a practical civil service reformer. Three of the Collectors deposed in Virginia voted for Garfield and Arthur, while their successors supported Hancock and English. They were Machinists.  
—Five murderers pulled hemp Friday. Three were swung off from one gallows at Fort Smith, Ark., a negro executed the lone act at Cambridge, Md., and at Danville, Ga., another negro was dropped with a "dull thud."

—J. R. Deering was killed recently at Bowling Green by a falling crane hill-bred. His widow yesterday received a verdict of \$10,000 against Sells Bros., the crane proprietors, and Forbes Bros., who erected the board.  
—President Arthur leaves Washington today for New York. July 10 he goes to Newport for a two weeks' stay. Then he will cruise along the New England coast, and before returning to Washington, will visit the Yellowstone region.  
—Now that wheat is down to a dollar, or thereabout, farmers will have something to say about it. In the country where winter wheat is grown, there are commodious barns and the golden grain is a good thing to have on hand. [Cincinnati Com.]  
—Col. Thomas L. Jones was here Monday and made a speech. All that is necessary to say, is that he did not come at the instance of the Democratic Central Committee of the State, nor to advance the cause of the State ticket. [Owen News.]  
—For the first six months of 1881 the business failures were 2,862; for the first six months of 1882, 3,697; for the first half of 1883, 4,037. In 1881 the liabilities of the first six months were \$10,000,000; in 1882, \$20,000,000; for the first six months in 1883, \$28,000,000.  
—A lot of narrow-gauge railway enthusiasts are mapping out in Indianapolis a gigantic system of narrow-gauge roads that will connect the two oceans, the Gulf and all the large cities. They are anti-monopolists. Every employee of the proposed system is to be a stockholder. They propose to build 11,000 miles of road. The capital required will be \$360,000,000. Of this sum \$112,000 has been subscribed, or less than one-third the total of the entire amount wanted. Directors and officers have been elected. Erwin Kennedy is President.

Collector A. M. Swope took in during June, internal revenue to the amount of \$183,254.80. During the fiscal year his collections have been \$1,971,863.32.

—Geo. Noel, aged twenty-three, who was sent to the penitentiary from Franklin county Saturday, is now serving his fifth sentence in that institution. The Governor ought to pardon him.

—Hon. Chas. Francis Armstrong, of color, a former member of the Mississippi Legislature, and a forcible democratic speaker, will make a number of speeches in Kentucky during the campaign.

—A company has been formed in London for the purpose of laying two more cables between England and the United States. The stock has been subscribed. The new company will have all the cable business of the Postal Telegraph Company. One of the cables will be laid before the close of the present year.

—The Democratic State Central Committee has issued a circular requesting the Chairmen of the Central Committees in all the counties to call meetings and arrange for a thorough local canvass in each legislative district. It is important that the issues of the campaign should be thoroughly discussed throughout all the villages, as well as in the cities. United and effective work is looked for everywhere.

**MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.**

Managed by John B. Fish.  
—I might have been drunk when my last report was written, but I don't remember to have taken a single drink.

—M. J. Cook is the republican candidate for representative. If we have to have a republican member, I could not think of one who would suit better.

—Miss Mamie Martin, of Brodhead, in town. Mr. Mart Dillon, the most clever and accommodating baggage master on the L. & N. R. R., spent Thursday in our town.

—The young gentlemen who went to Lancaster to attend the hop Friday night, returned Saturday and Sunday. They were well pleased with the people of Lancaster.

—It was reported in town last week that James Hardin, of Upper Roundstone, had been killed by a young man who struck him on the head with a pistol. This report was not correct. Hardin was knocked in the head but was not badly injured. Both parties were drunk.

—Our efficient section foreman, J. B. Douglas killed a snake near the Big Mill which measured nine feet in length. It had caught a rabbit and was coiled around him when killed. The snake was cut open and was found to contain four other rabbits. Mr. Douglas is not a drinking man.

—A man by the name of Stonewall was arrested in Louisville one day last week and brought to this place for trial. He is charged with stealing two hounds, a horn used by hunters to call their dogs, one cat and about fifty pieces of dynamite. When he left here a few days, he was in too much of a hurry to take his property with him. He telegraphed Mr. Mart to send his baggage, but he need not send the dogs. His trial is set for next Thursday afternoon.

**BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE**  
"PRAISE THE LORD"  
102 SHACKLEWELL LANE,  
DALSTON, LONDON, E. June 10th, '83  
Dear Interior:  
Bro. Noble, whose fund of anecdote is inexhaustible, in speaking of the way in which unintelligent eight-agers in this and other countries, are "put upon" by interested guides, often as ignorant as themselves, told us an illustrative incident, for which, however, he did not touch:

A rustic visitor at Hye House, while being shown the mysteries of that historic plotting-place, among other things received this wondrous scrap of information from his voluble chaperone:  
"Do you see that stair-case, sir? Well, right on that spot, sir, the great Spurgeon met Oliver Cromwell." I was reminded of a sort mentioned in my last, who after a great show of mystery and peeping around corridors, proposed to take us to the crypt of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, where very few ever had the chance of going. Our curiosity being duly whetted, he went after a mysterious key, and still preserving the startled look of a conspirator, risking much for our sakes, led us through an old iron door into a mouldy basement, where, in a great room we found the appliances of a modern gymnasium; rope ladders, swinging rings and even a leather-covered hobby horse. Inquiring in a wondering way what all this meant, our guide informed us that the ancient crypt was used for an exercise room by the boys of Westminster school, but then proceeded to show us various bricked-up nooks where the monks used to have their cells, and sundry arches, very ancient, interlarding his comments with historical items, about as reliable as the one above quoted; and in due time getting us out of the old place, with such added mystery, once and again coming back to tell us, in a sepulchral undertone, to wait until the head master had passed and the coast was quite clear, so that when we issued from the old iron door, we had all the feeling of people who had been engaged in some unlawful enterprise, and were only too glad to give the man his shilling and get away to some place where we could once more feel innocent and breathe freely. O, how hungry for a shilling are those officials, and what will they not do to extract one from the willing or unwilling visitor!

Another of Bro. Noble's illustrative anecdotes will bear repeating, because it contains a principle and points a moral almost equal to the story of the Illinois farmer who wanted more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to get more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to get more money to buy more land, &c., &c.

At a lunatic asylum where the gentler of the poor creatures were permitted to run in the large yard with only partial surveillance, one of them leaning on the fence and noticing a gentleman passing by, mounted on a splendid hunter, on his way to the "meat" of the house, accented him thus: "Where are you going?" "To the meat," was the good-humored reply of the gentleman, knowing that the poor fellow was a "patient."

"Is that your horse?" "Yes." "What did he cost?" "One hundred guineas." "How many of you go to meat?" "About a hundred." "How many dogs do you have?" "Fifty." "What is a dog worth?" "Ten guineas." "What do you do when you go to meat?" "Hunt a fox." "What do you do when you catch him?" "Kill him." "Humph! Is that all?" "Yes."

"One hundred gentlemen with horses worth 100 guineas each; that comes to £10,000; 50 dogs worth 10 guineas each; that is £500 more; and all you get for that money is one poor little fox, and a dead one at that. Look here, my friend, I advise you to be off in a hurry. If my governor finds you about here, he'll run you in, certain!" Are all the lunatics shut up? That's the question suggested by the story.  
A few little points, of possible interest, before we leave London, for I do not doubt that Hastings will have its own items of interest, and somehow or other I feel as if I ought to be in the provinces, we shall hardly return again. Remember the 35,000,000 shut up in a territory not larger than the State of New York and Pennsylvania! We shall be ready for our voyage to India when this area shall have been even partially visited. The way has been opened up to Scotland already, as I think I mentioned in my last. The good hand of our God is no plainly in it that we feel no hesitancy in making the move on the 20th inst. Until then the time is fully occupied by the Hastings meeting until the 18th and after that the Stratford services for 10 days longer. Not Stratford-on-Avon, which is a good way off, but Stratford in the east of London, near Victoria Park and not very far from Shacklewell Lane.

Last Tuesday afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing a "Bible Reading" by Mr. Andrew Jukes, the dear man of God mentioned in the preface to "God's Love Story." He is near his three-score and ten, but his "how still abides in strength," and his erect figure still tells that he has something soldierly in his make-up. He was an officer in the Indian army in his young manhood and I will warrant, a gallant one. His head is bald and beard snowy, now, but his tall, graceful figure and springing step make light of the many years that have only conquered these outworks, leaving the inner citadel still strong. As a teacher, he is an eager listener, as in his fascinating books. Any of my readers who have read his "Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels," or "Law of Levitical Offerings," or "Types of Genesis," know what this means. The Bible reading of Tuesday was on "The Cross," as set forth in 1st Cor. 1st chap. I know some of the dear Bible readers who see these lines will thank me for a few items from memory that will throw light on that portion of God's word: 1st. The Jew was after a "sign," or power. Was he wrong? No. But there seemed no power in the Cross, where one expired in weakness. 2d. The Greek wanted "wisdom." Was he wrong? No. But in the Cross there seemed nothing of the wisdom of earth he sought. Only a "stumbling block" to the one and "foolishness" to the other. Both were looking for a right thing. Both were stirred upon the great question of life: "We are in trouble; how can we get out of it? Power and might can extricate us," thought the Jew. "If we only knew more," sighed the Greek, "then deliverance would come." 3d. That which both longed for, but looked for in vain, elsewhere, forgetting the only place in Calvary. God's power—conquering the hosts of hell and besting back every foe that could rise against us. God's wisdom—revealing all mysteries; cutting every tangled knot of human life and letting loose the sunlight to irradiate our darkness. 4th. "The world by wisdom knew not God." This is (not as most think—the world's wisdom but) God's wisdom. The "heavenly" declare the "glory" of that wisdom—the "firmament" the "handiwork" of that wisdom—but we never knew God as we need Him, in the sun, moon and stars. The world could not read God's wisdom and learn the way out of their difficulty. Then God said, "My children, since you can't read that book, I will give you another." So it pleased Him by "the foolishness of preaching to save." 5. What is the foolishness of preaching? Light comes by comparing 2d Cor. 11:16-23 with this curious phrase. Paul then again and again says that he speaks "as a fool." Why? Because they had compelled him to talk about himself. To this day we esteem one foolish who talks about himself, much; what he has done, what he has said, what he intends doing. So the dear God will now talk about Himself to us, who couldn't read his book of wisdom in the skies. He will come down to our need and let us know a person instead of things. 6th. The person of God is in His Son; "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person." We look on Jesus and behold our God. He moves in our presence. We see Him as He is in the person of His Son. 7th. On the Cross more than any where else we know Him; dying in our stead to win our revolted hearts, while His then conquers all enemies for us. Love giving itself for us. That will draw all unto Him who is thus "lifted up." 8th. The figure of the Cross has a mystery of wisdom in it. It has been abused, as every good thing has been; but we ought not to object to its being put on churches or hung in our houses, if only we learn the right lesson from it. Properly taken it is the sign of a subject will, perfectly rehearsed by the dear One who "became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." In us, too, let it appear. The Cross beam our will, the upright God's-pointing heavenwards, as ours ever runs parallel, only with earth. So may we daily hear our cross in sweetest joy, knowing no will but His and dying ever to selfhood. Then shall be fulfilled

the true meaning of the Cross. Christ for us and Christ in us; bearing in our bodies the death that the life also may be manifested in us. Something like this the dear teacher of many taught us in the power of the Spirit, on Tuesday. It was good to be there. It will always be a joyful memory to me that I heard him that once. I can scarcely hope in the busy life that looms up before me, to enjoy the privilege again.

The very tones of his voice are full of good cheer. His is a religion of joy and peace, and his own radiant face is a reflex of the inward peace on indwelling Jesus brings to his own soul. Not all are joyful saints. For often the gloom of our first coming to Jesus tinges his shadows over the whole life, and the poor soul that refused to admit Jesus without an agony of remorse, refuses steadily, in after life, to be lifted into the clear sunlight of a joyous experience. The other night, a man came to me, wearing a very solemn look, and looking at me out of eyes that seemed to have lost the power to twinkle with enjoyment, with this question, asked in a very dismal undertone: "Do you know what led me to Christ, Sir?" I answered, "I know what ought to have led you, for the Bible tells me that 'the goodness of God leadeth to repentance.'" "This is what led me," he replied, lifting a mutilated hand, with two fingers clean gone and the others misshapen. "But for that, I should never have been saved." "Well," I said, "My brother you may have been driven by such an accident as that, led I would not call it—led. The LORD in Mercy brought honey out of that lion's carcass, but He hardly ought to be charged with such diabolical mutilation as that. My God don't cut people's fingers off to save them. He gave His Son to die for them."

The poor fellow's religion was evidently tinged by his false thought of God, in His first dealing with him. How many are trying, in vain, to love with deepest devotion, a God like that—and go on, driven by a "spirit of bondage again to fear." And yet that poor fellow shows his untutored hand with a sort of pride, as if, instead of being a devil's mark, it were a badge of honor, that exalted him to spiritual knighthood. O it is pitiful pitiful! Well, I live in hopes of telling many thousands something better.

My next from Hastings, if the LORD'S will. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. HARRIS.

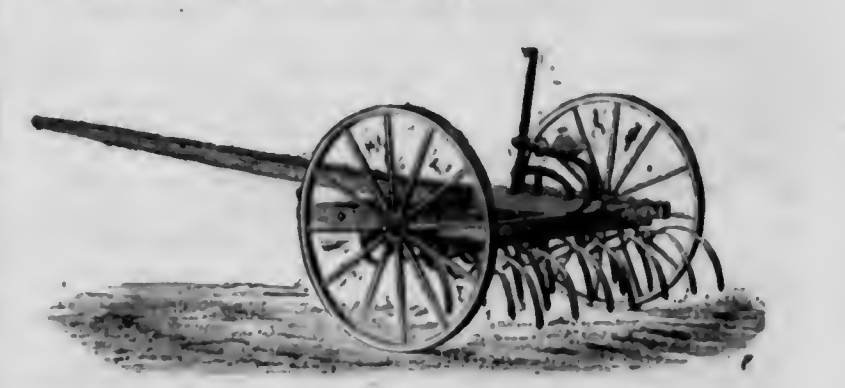
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Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry & Silverware  
Ever brought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

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We will sell you anything in Summer Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes at and below cost to reduce stock.  
**Don't Forget These Prices!**  
Suits, now \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10, \$12.50  
was 7, 10, 12, 14, 17.50  
Shoes, now 75c, 1, 1.50, 2,  
was \$1, 1.50, 2, 2.75  
Slippers, 50c, 75c, 1, 1.25  
was 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2  
Children's Shoes and Slippers accordingly.  
**BRUCE, WARREN & CO.**

## THE QUICKEST AND CHEAPEST WAY TO CLEAN WEEDY CORN

—Is to procure—  
**A Kalamazoo or Albion Spring Tooth Harrow and Cultivator.**



**One Man and One Horse.**  
With the one-horse Cultivator, can thoroughly clean the weeds out of five acres of corn per day.  
**One Man and Two Horses.**  
With the Sulkey Harrow and Cultivator, can clean ten acres of corn per day.

Price of one-horse Cultivator, - - \$10  
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**GEO. D. WEAREN,**  
STANFORD, KY.,  
Green & Williams, Hustonville, Ky.,  
W. L. Withers, Lancaster, Ky.,  
R. H. Wearen, Richmond, Ky.

**Garrard County DEPARTMENT.**  
**ROBT. R. WEST, EDITOR.**  
LANCASTER.

—I expect to leave very soon and will place all the accounts of Hemphill & Walden in the hands of an officer for collection that are not settled by July 14. Geo. L. Walden.

—R. W. Millard & Co. have reduced the price on all wool, double width, Nun's veiling from 60 to 45 cents. Also a great reduction in silks, gloves, hosiery, lace, ladies' underwear, fans, and on all fancy goods. This reduction is for thirty days only. You will save money by calling right away.

**LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST.**  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

**SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.**  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals.

**H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.**  
LANCASTER, KY.  
Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals.

**Notice of Incorporation!**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, John K. West, J. V. Cook, R. H. Tunstall, John H. Woodcock, Wm. H. Kinnaird, J. P. Sandifer, H. C. Herring and B. M. Burdett, have this day incorporated themselves, under Chapter 56 of the General Statutes, under the corporate style of "The Garrard Female College." Their principal place of business is in Lancaster, Ky., and the nature of the business is the establishment and maintenance of a college for the education of females. The amount of capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) with privilege to increase and decrease the same in such sums and in such installments as the Board of Trustees may prescribe, after 90 days' notice and after \$4,000 shall have been subscribed. The corporation commences this day (June 20, 1883) and shall continue 25 years. The officers of the corporation are to be elected by nine Trustees, to be elected annually by the shareholders on the 2d Wednesday in June each year after the year 1888; the Corporation to be Trustees until the 2d Wednesday in June, 1881. The Board of Trustees shall elect annually a President, a Secretary and a Treasurer. This Corporation shall not at any time subject itself to a greater indebtedness than the sum of \$5,000, and the private property of the stockholders and incorporators is to be and is exempted from corporate debts. This 20th day of June, 1883.  
JOHN K. WEST, JOHN H. WOODCOCK,  
R. H. TUNSTALL, J. V. COOK,  
WM. H. KINNARD, J. P. SANDIFER,  
H. C. HERRING, B. M. BURDETT.

**Landreth's Garden Seeds**

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of

**FURNITURE**  
In Lancaster at the  
"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"  
LANCASTER, KY.  
**GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,**  
Proprietors.







### GRAVITATION.

*Some Curious and Interesting Facts.*  
If there were two heavenly bodies, one of solid iron and the other of cork, the latter, though three times as large as the former, would have less attraction because it would contain less matter. The force of gravity depends on two laws: First, gravity increases as the amount of matter increases, and, secondly, it decreases as the square of the distance increases. Were a new body created in space 1,000 miles from the earth, its attraction would be felt at the sun just as much as at the earth, though the one would be 91,000,000 miles off, and the other only 1,000. Again, gravitation is not lessened by the interposition of any substance. The densest bodies offer no obstacle to its free action. Were a body placed on the other side of the moon, it would be attracted by the earth just as much as if the moon were not between them. The direction of gravity is always toward the center. Consequently the earth is a sphere two stones dropped at opposite sides of it will fall in opposite directions. Why this attraction toward the center, or why the force of gravity at all, philosophy fails to discover. It is not because any peculiar attractive power resides in the center that a falling body tends toward that point; but, in a sphere, this is the result of the attraction of all the particles. The particles on one side attract the falling body as much as those on the other, and consequently it seeks a point between them.

No two plumbets suspended in different places have exactly the same direction for the lines in which they hang would meet at the center of the earth. At short distances, however, the difference of direction is so slight as to be imperceptible, and the plumbets seem to point the same way.  
It follows, therefore, that up and down are relative and not absolute terms. The earth is so much larger than the bodies near its surface that it is not perceptibly affected by their attraction. Even if a ball 500 feet in diameter were placed in the atmosphere 500 feet from the earth's surface, the earth, being 680 million million times greater than the ball, would draw the latter to itself, while it would advance to meet it less than one ninety-six-thousand-millionth of an inch, a distance so small that it cannot be appreciated.

The sun is 800 times greater than all the planets put together. It is on account of this enormous amount of matter that its attraction is felt by the most remote bodies of the solar system. According to the second law, if the sun were twice as far from the earth as it now is, it would attract the latter with but one-fourth of its present force; if three times as far, with one-ninth; if four times as far, with one-sixteenth, etc. So, if two equal masses were situated respectively 5,000 miles and 10,000 miles from the earth's center, the nearer would be attracted not twice but four times as strongly as the more distant.

All bodies on the earth's surface, however small, attract each other with greater or lesser force, according to their mass and distance. This attraction in most cases is absorbed in the far greater attraction of the earth, and consequently cannot be perceived. In the case of mountains, however, it is so strong as to have a sensible effect on plumbets suspended at their base. Instead of pointing directly toward the center of the earth, a plumb-line in such a position is found to incline slightly toward the mountain.

When a body is supported or prevented from following the impulse of gravity it presses on that which supports it, more or less strongly, according to the force with which it is attracted. This downward pressure is simply its weight, and this weight is no more than the measure of a body's gravity, and is proportioned to the amount of matter contained.

Weight being nothing more than the measure of the force with which bodies are drawn toward the earth, it follows that, if the earth contained twice as much matter as it now does, they would have twice their present weight; if it contained three times as much matter, three times their present weight, etc.  
Since the weight of a body is the measure of its gravity, and since gravity decreases as the square of the distance from the earth's center increases, it follows that bodies become lighter in the same proportion as they are taken up from the earth's surface. A mass of iron which at the earth's surface weighs 1,000 pounds, taken up to a height of 4,000 miles, would weigh only 250 of such pounds, or one-fourth as much as before.

If we could go from the surface of the earth to the center, we should find a given object weigh less and less as we advanced. The moment we descended beneath the surface, we would leave particles of matter behind us, and the attraction of these would set in a direction directly opposite to gravity.

At the center of the earth no object would weigh anything. There would be as many particles above the line as below it; and the object, being equally attracted on all sides, would have no weight.

The weight of an object differs at different parts of the earth's surface. A mass of lead, for instance, that weighs 1,000 pounds at the poles, will weigh only 995 such pounds at the equator. This is owing to two causes: The equatorial diameter is about twenty-six and one-half miles longer than the polar diameter; and, therefore, an object at

the equator is farther from the center and less strongly attracted than at any other point. The centrifugal force is greatest at the equator, and therefore counterbalances more of the downward attraction there than at any other part of the surface, making the weight less. It has been computed that, if the earth revolved seven times as fast as it now does, the centrifugal force at the equator would counterbalance gravity entirely, and thus deprive all bodies of weight. If the earth's velocity were further increased, all things at the equator would be thrown off into space.  
The general effect of gravity is to draw bodies toward the earth; but sometimes it causes them to rise. A balloon, for instance, ascends to the clouds. This is because it contains less matter than a mass of air of the same bulk, or, as we may briefly, it is lighter than air. Hence the air, acted on more strongly by gravity than the balloon, is drawn toward the earth under the latter, which is thus caused to rise.

**DEADWOOD AS IT IS.**  
Deadwood, writes a correspondent of the Boston Journal, is a town of 3,500 to 4,000 people. Enthusiasts claim 6,000. South all New England for the deepest, narrowest valleys between the highest hills in the "Switzerland of America," not excepting the White mountains, nor the Franconian Notch, stretch the ravine two, three, five, ten miles, and you have a conception of the lay of the land about Deadwood. Along the lowest line of the ravine run the combined waters of the Whitewater and Deadwood creeks. Whitewater is the best name one would think of applying to the red stream of this and that comes down from the quartz-filled Lead and Central, through the placer claims of hard-working men who are seeking to "wash" their way to wealth.

Main street, Deadwood, lacks few of the kinds of business houses to be found in Minneapolis, for example, and has many that even Chicago has not. Miners' tools and materials make a distinct and profitable branch of business. Schools as good as towns of that size often support, churches—Congregational, Methodist, Episcopal and Catholic—as well organized, housed and manned as the saintliest could ask. Houses as neat, tasteful and refined as culture can carry to the front, invite the business man, with his family, to settle for life. Such is the intelligence of the place—so many of the people are educated and accustomed to the best society furnished everywhere, that a second-rate preacher, teacher or craftsman of any sort would stand far less of a chance than among the staid communities of good old England. Dullness, stupidity, tramping and quackery are advised to go East.

Deadwood is the hub of the hills. Everything centers in there—radiates from there. It is the distributing point for Uncle Sam, for the miners, for the ranchers and the prospectors. Beginning with lower town, "Elkhorn City," and passing through "Elkhorn-ditch" (the portion that was burned July 28) and "Chinatown" to Deadwood proper, one would see roughness, violence, wretchedness. Such a population hangs to every town. Civilization sloughs there as soon as the social inequality is fairly in motion. So it will be here. Deadwood is a marvel of growth, enterprise and morality, when we consider its isolation and the material that floats on the first waves of civilization.

**EDUCATION OF GIRLS.**  
Many a good mother, looking back over the long road of the past, and gazing on her bony hands, resolves that her daughter shall have a better time. The mother to whom I refer is a no longer young woman of 22. Yet the mother does all the housework, including the sewing and mending for her daughter. The latter makes tatting and edging for her underclothing, and plays very fairly on the piano, which has been squeezed in somewhere for the family is anything but rich. The mother goes without a new bonnet and fixes her dress over and over, in order that Jenny may appear as well dressed as the other girls of her set. When company comes, Jenny entertains them, and her mother goes on with her work in the kitchen. She waits on the table, and, if anything is wanted during the meal, Jenny never rises to get it, but passes the empty dish to her mother for replenishment, and adjusts her pretty wristlets in happy ignorance of the thoughts of those looking on. Now this is all wrong. This girl is not naturally bad; her mother is solely to blame. I for one do not believe in the plan of wearing out the oldest first. Let the younger ones have a good time; don't be so strict as our ancestors were with their families, but have some respect for yourself and for your own rights, or your children will doubtless have none for you. —*London New Yorker.*

**A CHURCH GOING OUT.** West wants a new term for the thing called an "elevator." The word is a misnomer, or a half-misnomer, as the machine takes us down as well as up. He thinks it absurd, when a man is at the top of a five-story building, to ask him if he will "go down in the elevator." A new word must be coined.

**SIN JOHN LUBBOCK** shows that wags preserve their gushers for winter's use by crushing the subarctic ganglion, thus producing paralysis, the gusher being rendered inoperative, but not dead. The wags administer an easily digestible sirup until the animal is rendered for the table.

One of our best citizens would say to the public that he has tried Hall's Catarrh Cure and it is all that is claimed for it. Price 75c per bottle, at Penay & McAlister's.

**ABOUT BEES.**  
*How They Live and How They Die in the Winter.*  
C. E. Riddler, of Canton, Mass., writes to the Journal of Education some highly interesting facts about the bee, obtained by long and patient personal observation. Following are extracts from his letter: "Bees, large and small, never alight on the top of the iris, but always in the same place, between one of the winged styles and one of the petals. I have watched hundreds of these. I have never seen an exception. Soon after alighting they force their bodies down as far as they possibly can into the very narrow space where the petal and style are very close together, breaking the pollen from the anthers above them, and in this place they extract the honey. I have seen them do this on the iris of the garden and on the iris of the vineyard and the iris of the meadow, and the process is the same, a bee alighting on one of the irises in my hand."  
Mr. Riddler thinks that the office performed by the bee in making flowers productive is to brush the pollen from the anthers and convey it on its body directly into the ovary which it pierces. He thus upsets a well-known popular myth:

"There is one popular delusion about bees, and that is that a 'bee-line' is a straight one. Let the following observation be considered: The hundreds of bees in the meadows, seeking honey of the iris, and going away laden with it, go in a series of delicately curved lines, and not in straight ones. In the woods and holds their course in just the same, sitting or reclining on a favorite knoll, where bees are continually flying about, I have seen them, day after day, at the rate of six or eight every minute, make a number of circles, large and small, around my head, and then fly off with great rapidity, not in straight lines for any considerable distance, and this, too, where there was plenty of room for them to fly a great distance in straight lines without any obstructions, but from side to side, in a kind of zigzag motion or curved lines."

"Again, passing along the street, there is a great buzzing in the trees near by. It is a swarm of bees. They are directly overhead, and I stop and watch them; there's millions in it. They, too, fly a long distance within sight, not in straight lines, but in curves—sinusoidal curves. Many of them fly swiftly from one side of the swarm to the other, but always in curves. Perhaps they are the 'mounted police,' and this may explain their curve-like motion, but it does not explain why the whole swarm moves thus."

"Once more: Near the last day of the term a bee flies into the school-room. During its flight across the room, perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet, it changes its course four or five times, alights on a window pane, makes several ineffectual attempts to climb the smooth surface, secures a rose on a neighboring desk, is on it in an instant (curves again), is more vigorously thrust to the floor by the young lady owning the rose, and then in another instant makes a bee-line (that is such a line—curves here, too—as a bee makes) for the open window, and is off."

"From these observations, a bee-line is not a mathematically straight one, any more than Court street, or some of the older streets of Boston, as they originally existed, were straight; any more than cow-paths are straight, or the path of a squirrel climbing a tree to avoid the stone which the small boy is pretty apt to throw at him."

**HE GOT IT.**  
One of the most touching things we have read in a long time is that story of a robber and a poor lone woman in Ohio. The robber came to her house at night and demanded her money or her life. She hadn't much money or life either, but she preferred giving up the former rather than the latter; so she brought her little store and placed it in his hand. He looked it over carefully, to see that she didn't palm off any 20-cent pieces for quarters, and facetiously told her that he could credit her for only 94 cents on the trade dollars, chiding her for taking them at their face value. "Haven't you anything else of value?" inquired the bold, bad burglar, looking about the scantily furnished apartment; "a child's bracelet, ring, anything will be thankfully received." She had nothing more, she replied, with a sigh. A thought struck him. "Your husband was a soldier, was he not?" She acknowledged that he was, and was killed in the war. "Then he must have had a revolver," he continued, searching her countenance. "Ah, you grow confused; you stammer; your manner betrays you. Get that revolver at once and give it to me." In vain the woman implored him to spare that harmless trinket, almost the sole memorial of the husband she had lost. She had pawned many things when in distress, but had always hung on to that. But the robber was unrelenting. Holding bitterly, she went to a bureau drawer and removed the precious relic, around which clustered so many tender recollections. "Must you have it?" said she, advancing with trembling step toward him. "Yes, I must," said the robber, extending his hand. "Well, then, take it," said she, gently pressing the trigger for the last time. There was a loud report, and the robber tumbled over dead. The community ought to pension that woman. —*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

**THE POLAR NIGHT.**  
It is a mistake to suppose that the Arctic winter, in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of opaque darkness. The highest latitude yet reached by man is 83 deg. 20 min., 20 sec., and there twilight lasts four hours and forty-two minutes on Dec. 22, the shortest day of the Northern year. Man will have to go some 27 miles further north than he has yet gone if he is to reach the region of absolute darkness. The pole itself is in the dark but seventy-seven days—from Nov. 13 to Jan. 29. There is a period of about four days in the year during which the sun shines on both poles at the same time. This is due to the fact that the sun is largest than the earth, and that his rays are bent by the earth's atmosphere in such a way as to converge upon his surface.

**OLD THOUGH.**  
"The great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix up with it something that implies a real consciousness of the adviser's defects, and, as much as possible, an acknowledgment of the other party's merits."

"Hornets may have been very comfortable, but there is no such thing as a perfect enjoyment of solitude; for the more delicious the solitude, the more one wants a companion."

All diseases resulting from self-abuse, nervous debility, mental anxiety, depression of spirit and functional derangement of nervous system, cured by German Invigorator, see advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

**THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.**  
A splendid elevator, which cost about \$10,000, and is the highest in the world, carried us up. The elevator at the top supports on its four corner wheels the four cranes which lay the stone, if necessary, on the four sides at once. A little railroad bridge in the great blocks of stone, weighing from two to six tons apiece, and places them on the elevator, with a low car beneath the stone. The elevator is open, and I had to sit down and hug the stone to avoid dizziness and the terrible tumble down the stone shaft. The elevator ascends very deliberately and smoothly, and will carry ten tons. As the monument is built upward, the elevator is mortised into it, and continues to rise twenty feet at a time.

The blocks of marble, seven feet long and two feet square, are set as easily as bricks in French masonry and Portland cement. The block we went up with was in its place in ten minutes. The walls at the bottom are fifteen feet thick, and at that point, if there were no cavity, would make a solid shaft of stone thirty feet thick. At the point where they are now setting stone, the walls are only seven feet thick, and at the top, 600 feet above the ground, will be only a foot and a half thick. The exterior, or facing of marble, is only four-eighths of the present thickness. The lining, of Cape Ann granite, is joined through at certain spots with the marble to unite the two sorts of stone more thoroughly. No iron is used for bolts and rivets anywhere. Each marble stone, as described, when put into place has cost \$75. The marble is quarried about sixty miles from the monument.

The 150 feet of the shaft finished nearly thirty years ago is miserably work compared to the present, and the irregular stone of that period are the only suggestions of weakness about the edifice. The monument can be finished in three years. It will have a lantern or cupola on the top, of iron, fifty feet higher than the masonry, making 550 feet in all. Every foot of the shaft has been underpinned with a solid open platform of stone 100 feet square. At the top thirteen men work constantly, quiet as pigeons in a barn-cock. The immense foot of stone at that great height is beautiful in its symmetry, as large as a comfortable dwelling. The view is already grand, comprising the whole District of Columbia and many miles of Virginia. The city looks like a mass of loose stones carelessly cast over the plain, with some top public buildings, including to some—Washington better.

**SOMETHING ABOUT TEETH.**  
Why do some people's teeth come out more readily than others? The reasons for this are probably many. About the middle of the last century Peter Kalm, a Swedish visitor to America and writer sensibly about what he saw. He observed a frequent loss of teeth among settlers from Europe, especially women. After discussing and rejecting many modes of explanation, he attributed it to hot tea and other hot beverages, and to a general conclusion that "hot feeders lose their teeth more readily than cold feeders." Mr. Cutlin, who some years ago had an interesting exhibition of Indian scenery, dresses, weapons, etc., noticed that North American Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way: that the reds keep their mouth cool, whereas the whites keep it moist. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order; when the mouth is open, the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, feline-humors, decay, looseness and eventual loss of teeth. Mr. Cutlin scolds the human race generally for being less sensible than the brutes in this respect, and the whites especially in comparison with the red. We keep our mouths open far too much. The Indian warrior sleeps, hunts and amiles with his mouth shut and respires through his nostrils. Among the virtues attributed by him to close lips, one is excellent—when you are angry, keep your mouth shut.—*Chautauque Journal.*

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**THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.**  
For more than a half of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe, reliable, for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a liniment whose price and power—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and enters the very bones, relieving the conditions of pain and inflammation, inducing the blood to flow freely, and thus restoring the system to its normal condition. It is a liniment whose price and power—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and enters the very bones, relieving the conditions of pain and inflammation, inducing the blood to flow freely, and thus restoring the system to its normal condition. It is a liniment whose price and power—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the Mustang Liniment is without an equal. 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